



Thy will  
Paviont! Those  
Haughty and  
In self-dependence  
Presuming, hard  
Faith, looking on the  
Dark faults, sore

Be done." planed  
willst-me poor -  
rich am I;  
rich,  
and high:  
coming years, doth see  
failures, let to humble me.  
Thy will be done!

A mourner  
And holy  
Oft have Thy  
To bring me  
Too soon they fail,  
Then will I look back to  
Till weeping, fair I

must I be:  
messengers  
presence left  
blessed tears:  
And sin's hot-breath sweeps  
spot, & shew it me  
turn to hide in Thee:  
Thy will be done!

promis9

"Thy will be done."

Saviour! Thou willst me poor. -

Haughty and rich am I;  
I self-dependence, rich,

Presuming, hard, and high:-

Faith, looking on the coming years, doth see  
Dark faults, sore failures, let to humble me. -

Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:

And holy messengers

Oft have Thy presence left

To bring me blessed tears.

Too soon they fail and  
Then will Thou take the  
Till weeping, fair I

Sins hot breath sweepsly:

spot and shew it me

turn to hide in Thee:

Thy

will be done!

poem19  
132

much wouldst thou have thy child:-  
How little can I bear!  
How seldom wait for thee  
Quiet within thy care!  
Though through provoking, teach me to endure;  
Bid errors make me of myself less sure:  
Thy will be done!

A hung'ring, thirsting one  
Must thy disciple be;  
And I so full, frown fat  
On thy gifts, leaving thee!  
But thou wilt teach me want, or take away  
All lesser good, till  
Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art! —

O how hard judgments rise!  
O this censorious tongue,  
wil-discerning eyes! —

Yet this sweet mercy will my King impart,  
If by no other way, e'en through the smart  
Of pity withheld in my extremities:

Thy will be done!

Pure, e'en in Thy pure eyes!

Simple and free from guile;  
O when shall these vain thoughts  
Pure-rising, meet Thy smile?

E'en this thrd Christ is mine; tho' it should be  
That first, through purging fires, I go with me,  
Thy will be done!

Ruled by the Prince of Peace!  
How far from this my state.  
Oft striving for my own,  
Exacting harsh, irate?  
No peace is found in me, but Thine will come  
And make this chafing bosom Thy sweet home,  
Thy will be done!

Thus I abide His time,  
For hath the King not sworn  
That all these shall be mine,  
And will not He perform?  
If under ways shall serve, such will Thou use,  
But smite, if need be, I would not refuse.  
Thy will be done!

pbcmc19

I.

Worthy of later days, Rebecca, thou!  
Yonniel, thou dost anticipate the march  
And yet mayst reckon followers in  
With well-pleased acquiescence dost thou  
And, climbing to an equal height  
That wisdom wise, whose depths  
Hast thou seemed to search,  
Hast thou wouldst gain thyself  
Of God's high Providence: and yet  
Arranging circumstance with  
As tho' the end discerned not  
Means thereto  
Were all included in thy  
But one desire, His counsel  
Not thus His will is done: They serve His best  
Who wait His motions - in His working, rest!

II. (The Virgin Mary.)

100  
ptcmc19  
A Parable.

A father who his sons would send  
To goal remote for weighty end,  
First call'd, & bound on each the load  
Whose conduct safe upon the road  
Was their chief care: on each that share  
His strength just fitted him to bear.

At first scarce noting that they bore  
Anon the burden presses sore  
Upon the weaker of the two.  
The father wise, had out of view  
Bound on their backs the load;

Now he  
Doth bring it round, its bulk to see;  
Then in his hands doth poised, & sigh,  
And to his comrade dolorous cry,

ptcmc19  
P8cmc19

My brother, do but feel the weight,  
How walk sustaining such a freight,  
Nay, brother, let me ease on thee  
But one end of my pack, so we  
May go with equal pace. -

Agreed,

But ever tardier proves this sped,  
Uneven steps, ill-balanc'd weight,  
Doubles for each his former  
Freight. -

Good brother, couldst thou bear  
The whole!

I know thee strong, a valiant soul,  
And I so weak! full sweet it were  
Thus onward in thy strength to ~~thine~~ <sup>thine</sup> it,  
fare!

100  
promulg

Forgetting that he bears behind  
The brother yields, ere long to find  
A wisdom surer than his own  
Had given a burden, which, alone,  
Was all his strength could well sustain:-

Nay, thou must take my pack again,  
It is too much; & why shouldst thou  
So free, whilst I twice burden'd know?  
Whereat his brother plains & frets,  
But still to take his load forgets:-  
I thought thou lov'dst me; now

I know  
Thy fondness but a treach'rous  
show! -

Thus, hearts divided, thenceforth  
They

promulg

Fall out and strive upon  
The way!

All other burdens men may  
Share.

And brother, kind, for brother  
Bear;

Death Self, must each soul  
go alone! -

Nor for this isolation moan,  
Nor pity thee, that none may know  
Thy craving Self's peculiar woe:  
Bear it an unregarded weight,  
With foward steps, eyes  
Steadfast, straight;  
And lo! forgot, it disappears;

PIIOMC19

This burden that oppress'd thy  
years!

Another, tenderer Goke is  
laid,

Whose heaviness is all o'er-  
paid

By the sweet sense of service,  
given;

Bearing, thou mor'st, e'en  
now, in heaven!

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The Sloth

11

PI2OMC19

Sloth -

Wlence is it that - mongst all  
The lists that could enthrall  
Yon Bible Brothies to so hapless fall,  
Sloth shews not first,  
Hell-frame accurst,  
Where every pestilent root of ill is nurs'd?

Who slips, mustest have stood,  
Have made his forthold food,  
Have risen & kept him up, ere fall he could:  
But who lies prone,  
Such toils unknown,  
May comfort him, - haply for him is there none,  
Yullum ill-doing is, leaving undone:  
Had saints of old been fain in sloth to sit,  
The story of their days were not yet writ,

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150  
152  
p13cm c19  
"Increase our Faith"

A cord there is, wh. heaven doth use to bind  
Two lives in one: with such considerate  
care

In fixing each to each, that thus  
They grow,  
The two, one higher being: the  
strength of each  
So strengthen'd is; the beauty,  
beautified;  
While the thin places in each  
character,  
Pieced & sustain'd by strong  
parts in the other,  
Do safely so endure the wear of  
life.

p14cm c19  
of three bright differing strands  
This cord is spun:  
Two, from a heavenly wheel, are  
straight run out,  
While from his substance man  
the third doth fetch,  
Just as some spider draws  
wherewith to make  
Her web, from her own body:  
yet is this  
A heavenly product like the other  
twain,  
But differing from them, in  
that from the first  
Iwas lodged in man's bosom:  
or less or more,

12  
150  
pl60mc19

According to the will that draws upon;

This is his part to take & wind with those  
In triune strength invincible. Should he  
fail,

Or draw with niggard or uncertain hand,  
The other two, still running out to seek  
Full measure of this third wherewith  
To twine,

Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives  
With many a let & hindrance, they  
had else

Bound in fair symmetry &  
entire strength.

Inspit and Love and Trust, - of  
these is spun-

pl60mc19

Y That threefold cord, not to be  
broken soon.

No bidding of the will may  
common love,

And not of duly noted acts & words  
Comes the perception of another being.  
As little of ourselves are these as moods  
Of gloom & gladness born of  
Changes wrought  
In the quick face of Nature.

Too much we think  
To keep ourselves, the while  
"our Author holds  
Our spirits all responsive beneath  
His touch."

122  
100  
p17cmc19

And plays upon them with His  
winds & light  
And subtle influences in the air,  
And mystic sympathies with men &  
things -

All in our eyes too light for passing thought -  
Which yet do mould us into that we are.  
But tho' our bliss or woe come not of us,  
Receptive power is lodged in ev'ry breast.  
All may reject or late, as this it is  
That rules the differing pitch of human  
lives:

Open thy being wide - it shall  
be filled;  
Suspicious, guard all inlets,  
Sadly to prove

p18cmc19

The aching hunger of the proud  
of heart.

According to thy faith, the  
friend thou know'st.

According to thy faith, shall  
thou  
find & prove thy God!

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2  
0.5cm  
"A Man of Sorrows"

O soul, & whence is this to thee,  
Wouldst know if so great marvel,  
That Jesus Christ shd. condescend  
To dwell thy close abiding Friend?

Ask not alone of gracious words,  
When peace a healing shadow brood,  
And meekness, love & patience sit,  
Disciples at those wounded feet.

If Christ doth truly dwell in thee,  
Uneasy inmate will he be:  
A heavy presence, sighing, sad,  
Shall oft defy thee to make glad

With any joy that <sup>220cmc19</sup> sense can bring:

In vain thou stirr'st thy heart to sing  
As tho' no care oppress'd thy state;

A Man of Sorrows, he doth wait

Till thou be moved to hear his <sup>plaint</sup>,

Till thou perceive it is thy taint,

The plague-spot of an alien heart,

That moves him to so sad a part!

And then-ah, when <sup>thine</sup> his grief made

When penitence, sharp grace divine

Doth the corrupting spot alone

In tears, all his, and yet thine own,

Thy springing heart, a child again,  
forgetting all the former pain,  
Is joined with the temper'd mirth  
Of souls new-wash'd to their new birth

# Peace -

T.

Small boon is leisure in these restless days:

Rather we crave that every moment find us taxed to weariness of limbs + mind,  
kind weariness that e'en unrest obeys!  
Looh, how life on our tensee spirits weighs  
In heavy pauses, for our ease assign'd.  
When needful occupation lays behind,  
And, choosing its own paths, the spirit strays!

Ahings & longing, quivering with unrest,  
For wh. the moment fairin shews cause & name-  
Friends trust us not enough, or care's <sup>inpest</sup>  
Or our own evil grieves, or wrongs inflame.  
The cause is one: at issue still with <sup>cries</sup>  
The soul seeks ease in cries - its peace  
Through strife!

II

Peace and good will! glory  
and peace! sweet peace!

A grateful cadence falls on  
quiet soul  
As liquid play of oar on  
waters cool:

And life's long straining and  
endeavour cease.

From turbulent desire comes  
release.

And restless thought is under  
perfect rule,

Putting, meek scholar in the  
Master's school,

In hope that to the meek  
Shall scope increase.

He shall not strive, nor cry,  
nor in the street,

For any hue of his, shall lift

His voice:  
But One among the Sons of men  
is meet  
For the mild glory of his praise:  
rejoice

When cries are hush'd in the stricken  
The King holds court within - O soul, attend!

I. p23cmc19  
On a face-painted by  
Guido. (best of Paris beauties)

A face to stir

The painfullest pulses of a common nature,  
Even as one strangely, utterly degraded  
Wakens the sleeping brother in the breast  
Of chance beholder. In that lower face  
All downward drawings triumph; to  
purpose.

True that mouth ne'er was set; for  
food or ill;

No effort to lead life to any issue  
Has left its firmer lines: too poor  
A soul

To see the food, too slow a will to  
grasp -

The flesh a strong man arm'd,  
Has risen to rule!

p24cmc19

But carry up your gaze. - The  
face is living! -  
A life more obvious in its function,  
Quick

Than bodied being knows: they  
discerns,

Transfixed with amaze, a  
passing change;

You see her grow! - Her old self  
passes forth

Still & unmark'd as dying  
night steals out

Before the day; the face that  
erst so pained  
Eludes the eye that, wondering,  
would recal;

What poor soul goes, and a  
new life received

Down through her eyes so  
insatiate in their gaze

Doth quicken her! And O,  
with what a power!

What depth of abnegation,  
height of praise,

Reach of discerning thought,  
adoring love,

What power to do or bear His  
almost will

In suffering or in service, speak

those eyes!

## II

The Bitter Part,

Once a little child, he pondered  
with wide eyes on life's strange ways  
Seeing, noting, learning, wondering,  
full of marvels were those days.  
Form'd he time for pain & gladness,  
Error & goodness had their part;  
Only Self had not obtained  
yet the high place in his heart.

This we know, tho' 'mute the story,  
This is true of us & him.—;  
Well we see him stretch'd in  
anguish, aching brow & tortured limb.  
And the anguish all deserved,  
From his own mouth Judg'd his case.  
Law defied & life despised, where  
For mercy is there place?

Could we know the thoughts that  
wrought him in those hours upon the bry  
Carest he the day that gave him life  
for sin & misery?

50  
p27 cmc19

Circumstances strong against him,  
pitiful he his own fall?  
Or all ordered in his favour,  
does remorseful fear appal?

Hath the present awful anguish  
dull'd his sense to all beside?  
From the terrors of the judgment-  
would his cow'ring spirit hide?  
As a child again, he ponders  
thoughts where Self has no concern.  
Mid the agonies of dying, he  
doth wonder, mark & learn!

Self is powerless to engage him  
while that Other hangs near;  
All his soul is lost in worship;  
love discerning, swallows fear.  
Not his own life, but that Other  
passes him in swift review,  
Such a Life, & such a Dying! -  
E'en his kingship must be true!

p28 cmc19

Then his own need comes before him-  
"In Thy kingdom think on me!"  
In the kingdom of the child-like  
has he shewn himself to be.  
By no strange, sovereign act of  
mercy does his Lord accept that prayer,  
But according to His promise that  
all child-like souls shall be there!

50  
p29emc19

## Self-consciousness.

Alas, sweet souls, ye fell! but  
not so low,  
Oh, not so low as we! Abashed  
are ye,  
Where God was all, a separate  
self to see;  
And, naked, conscious souls,  
infamous so,  
To hide yourselves for shame!

Your fall's worst woe—  
Perpetual sense of I—inheritance:  
Our child-souls quit their para-  
dise to be  
First in a fall'n estate, that day  
They know  
Themselves for entities, with  
passions, parts:  
But, oh, the difference! ye who  
In th' light <sup>did dwell</sup> of God, see from what  
height ye fell,

p30 emc19

And slurn the recreant self,  
That filch'd your hearts.  
No gracious shame in us: com-  
-placent thought,  
Or proud or pitiful, is ego  
Brought!

0cm  
p31cm19

The ground is cursed for  
man's sake; thorns & thistles  
it is to bring forth to him  
on purpose that he may  
not yield to that slavish  
self-indulgent nature  
into wh. he has fallen.

Serm. on the Deluge -  
How is the appearance of the  
rainbow, or the pledge wh. it -  
is said to give, made dependent  
upon any good or evil act of  
of the creature who looks  
upon it? And yet this is  
called a covenant - ; it is  
the first occasion on wh.

p32cm19

we meet with the phrase;  
by the use of it here as much  
in a great measure determine  
what is the use of it everywhere  
else. - - A Being who is  
the object of our trust, upon  
whom we absolutely depend, is  
not one whom we can ever  
think of as trafficking  
with us. Abram.

p33cmc19

Book -

VII 1

36 Arthur St.

H. V. P.

cmc 1

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p34cmc19

Mrs Bleemires - 22

Mrs Saville - 14

Mrs H. Elleg 11

Mrs Wilson: 8.

Book -  
Greenwood 1? books

Mrs Bentley 6 H. V. P.

Mrs Reddington Dr.

Mrs Kastenky Dr. 61

18, Mrs. Booth -

29.

Mrs Cook